

The Life and Death of
JENNY WREN;
BEING

A very small book,
At a very small charge,
To learn them to read,
Before they grow large.



Printed by J. Evans & Sons,
Long-lane, London: 18



AS little Jenny Wren,
Was sitting by the shed,
She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head.
She wagged with her tail,
And nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren,
Was sitting by the shed.

THE LIFE OF
Little JENNY WREN,

*How she fell sick,
And got well again.*



JENNY WREN fell sick,
Upon a merry time :
In came Robin Red-Breast,
And brought her sops and
wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
 Drink well of the wine;
 Thank you, Robin, kindly,
 You shall be mine.



Here's Jenny on the glass,
 Eating the sop very fast.

Jenny she got well, and did
 And stood upon her feet
 And told Robin plainly,
 She lov'd him not a bit.



Jenny's very naughty tho',
 To use her husband Robin so.

Robin being angry,
 Hopped on a twig,
 Saying, out upon you,
 Fie upon you, bold-fac'd jig.



So Jenny got well,
 And made Robin mad ;
 Tho' her health was now good,
 Her behaviour was bad

THE DEATH OF
Little JENNY WREN,

*And what the Doctors
All said then.*



JENNY WREN was sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die,
The doctors vow'd they'd cure
her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
 And shaking his head,
 Says, I fear I can't save her,
 Because she's quite dead.



Doctor Hawk's a clever fellow
 He pinched her wrist enough to
 kill her.

She'll do very well yet,
Then said Doctor Fox,
If she takes but one pill
From out of this box.



Ah! Doctor Fox,
You are very cunning,
For, if she's dead,
You will not get one in.

With hartshorn in hand,
 Came Doctor Tom-Fit,
 Saying, really, good sirs,
 It's only a fit.



You're right, Doctor Tit,
 You need make no doubt on
 But death is a fit.
 Folks seldom get out on

Doctor Cat says, indeed,
I don't think she's dead,
I believe if I try,
She yet might be bled.



You need not a lancet,
Miss Pussy, indeed,
Your claws are enough
A poor Wren to bleed.

I think Puss you're foolish,
 Then says Doctor Goose,
 For to bleed a dead Wren,
 Can be of no use.



Why, Doctor Goose,
 You're very wise,
 Your wisdom profound
 Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,
 See this balsam, I make it,
 She yet may survive,
 If you get her to take it,



What you say, Doctor Ass,
 Perhaps may be true;
 I ne'er saw the dead drink tho'
 Pray doctor, did you?

Doctor Owl then declared,
 That the cause of her death
 He really believed, was—
 The want of more breath.



Indeed, Doctor Owl,
 You are much in the right,
 You as well might have said,
 That day was not night.

Says Robin, get out,
 You're a parcel of quacks,
 Or I'll lay this good whip,
 On each of your backs.



Tacn Robin begun,
 For to bang them about,
 They staid for no fees,
 But were glad to get out.

Poor Robin long for Jenny grieves,
 At last he cover'd her with leaves ;
 Yet near the place, a mournful lay
 For Jenny Wren, sings every day.



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